



THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 15, 1855.

[NO. 10.

THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND.

Terms---Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

For the Lily.

BE NOT SEEN THERE.

"I'll not go there to hear that speech!"
Full many a one you'll hear declare,
A woman's voice for temperance pleads;

Be not seen there!

Let woman suffer all the ills
That follow in the train of rum,
Until her heart is broken—crush'd;
She should be dumb!

The wife may see him for whose love
She freely left all other friends,
And on whose manly arm she lean'd,
Become a fiend!

Yes, see him falling step by step,
From noble manhood to a brute,
Till soul and body both are lost,
And yet be mute!

The mother too, whene'er her eye
Rests on her darling infant boy,
Feels, in her heart, a throb
Of purest joy.

Her eyes uprais'd—she breathes a pray'r;
Assistance from her God she craves,
From sin, and shame and every ill,
Her boy to save.

Devotedly her hope is given—
To teach and train her darling son,
To love the good, the right, the true;
The wrong to shun.

She fondly hopes back to her God,
At last her treasure to present,
Wash'd in her Saviour's blood, as pure
As when 'twas lent.

But oh! infatuated man
Blight those fond hopes—a dram-shop's near,
There is that son to ruin led,
That son so dear.

The mother's heart is bleeding now,
"Tis fill'd with grief and dark despair,
But if she rise to speak her wrongs,
Be not seen there!

No! better let the fiery flood
That o'er our land is swelling,
Roll on uncheck'd until its woes
Reach every dwelling.

Than woman be allow'd to speak;
But should she venture, should she dare
Riie up to plead for those she love,
Be not seen there.

Branchport, N. Y.

For the Lily.
HOME SONG BY MARY MILWOOD.

I say, Janette, how came that sack half full of flour to be left on the porch? I nearly broke my neck over it as I came in. I should have thought that you would have seen to it that that boy carried it all into the meal room; you know he never does anything right without being seen to, and if you can't take a little responsibility upon you when I am away, I think it rather hard to say the least about it: I can't bear such disorder about my premises. That wasn't the way I was brought up. My mother was an orderly woman, and I've got her disposition exactly! And Mr. James Hardy seated himself in his cushioned arm chair, and taking a fresh quid of tobacco, he commenced the perusal of the paper in his hand, (a cursory glance at which had caused his unlucky stumble); ever and anon ejecting from between his teeth, a fresh quantity of coloring fluid upon the nicely scoured floor and clean hearth-stone. Neither did he seem to take any particular pains to spare the brightly varnished wood-work of the newly finished room. During this tirade, Mrs. James Hardy sat stitching upon a pair of pantaloons which was to fit little Jimmy for school. Once had she raised her eyes, and encountering the fierce glance of her husband, had dropped them again upon her work while "sudden flush" dyed her cheek and brow. A few moments passed in silence, but a close observer might have seen in the countenance of Mrs. Hardy, indications of a severe mental conflict. At length she raised her head and said in a clear, calm voice: "Mr. Hardy, Patrick was not to blame for leaving that flour where it is; it was left there by my order." "The devil it was!" exclaimed Mr. H., throwing down his paper and enforcing his words by a fresh spirit of tobacco juice, "and what did you order it to be left there for?—To be handy, I spose. You're up to that, I must confess." "I did not design it for my own use."—"Didnt design it for your own use! What did you design it for then? going to throw it away 'cause it dont suit you." "I will tell you, James, if you will listen to me, and I am sure you will not blame me for the part I was about to act. You know I went down to S—, yesterday. While there I called to see Mrs. Wilson, who used to live here by us, and I found her bad off indeed.—She told me she had had a hard struggle to keep her herself and little ones in the barest necessities, through the long cold winter, and but for the timely help of some benevolent ladies from the village, must have suffered. She said the people were very kind, but most of them had all they could do to supply their own families with provision, and now two of her children are sick, and for more than three months she has not had a particle of flour in the house. One of her neighbors had agreed to go over to Mr. Alden's to-day to get some corn for her, and I thought I should watch his return and add a little flour for the relief of her distressed family. It is only doing as I would wish to be done by, you know." Mr. Hardy had risen from his chair during this brief recital, and as he closed turned upon her with a look of demoniac fury. "Pretty set of stuff is this, but I tell you what, woman, you dont come it over me in this sort of a way. I'm not going to support ness and work as hard as I do. I'm not going to supporting, instead of going round preaching reformation to his betters, he wouldnt have left his family so poor. They've got overseers of the poor in S— I spose, and let them tend to 'em if the woman is too lazy or too ladyfied to do it herself." Indeed, James, she does all she can but you know women are shut out from all." I dont want to hear any more such preaching as that. I've heard enough of your new fangled notions—women are well taken care of, and if they'd mind their business and keep in their place, they would do better than some of 'em do at least. If you'd look a little closer into your Bible which you pretend to honor so much, you'd find *Wives obey your husbands*, I recon. Here Pat, he added, turning to an honest, intelligent looking Irish lad who just then made his appearance, 'take that sack of flour and carry it into the loft and mind you dont leave any more down here without my orders.' Please thin yer honor, an it was the mistress wanted that same flour lift here; be shure an it was for the comfort of the poor, an ye'll not refuse her." "Stop your Irish blarney and mind what I say to you, or I'll set you adrift; I'll not have any one on my premises who questions my authority." Mr. Hardy brought down his fists with a tremendous force upon the hard oak table as he uttered these words and left the room. A glance at his kind mistress told to the honest-hearted boy more than words could express, and with moistened eye he turned reluctantly to obey his master's orders.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy had commenced their married life with small means. Both had worked hard; Mrs. Hardy was an economist, and Mr. Hardy what the world calls a shrewd calculator. He often boasted that he could make the best trades of any man in the community, and prided himself upon his keen foresight in business matters. Both were struggling hard to secure a competence, when they received timely aid in the shape of a few hundred dollars which came to Mrs. H. through the well of a deceased relative, and with this means Mr. H. had built the comfortable dwelling house and convenient out houses, which he had dignified with the name of *my premises*. They were now above pecuniary dependence and having a little more leisure for reflection and the cultivation of mind, Mrs. Hardy had some how or other came to regard herself as something more than a "chattel personal" and had several times ventured to express to her husband sentiments entirely conflicting with his prepossessed notions of *man's sovereignty and woman's servility*. Yet this was the first time she had dared *openly* to exercise (in the bestowal of charity) that freedom which she felt was her inalienable right. How the act was regarded and treated by Mr. B—, the above has described. Tears, bitter tears, were now her only resource. In vain did she ask herself by what right she was thus deprived the privilege of yielding to her own convictions of duty, in her heart she could find no answer. With her hand pressed upon her burning brow she leaned against the window sill and saw the return of the vehicle which she had intended should bear the so much needed relief to its destination, and the love

S. L.

lit convictions and grateful expressions of the wisdom, and her children vanished from before her mental vision, she sank back in her seat to think, think. But the bell of the old clock gave faithful warning that the dinner hour would soon arrive, and with it the return of the laborer with her own little brood of merry bright-eyed boys, all to be resuscitated by the labor of her hands; so hastily rising she forced back the struggling emotions of her wounded spirit, and sought amid the duties of her household, to forget the remembrance of the several rights which had been invaded within her own bosom.

For the Lily.

WOMAN'S WRONGS--No. 1.

The agitation of every new feature in science, politics or morals, expresses a want—a deficiency. As the world goes on, new ideas, new thoughts, new revelations and inspirations are required; therefore, they are developed. And as society becomes imbued with the idea of progression, and freed from the bonds of old conservatism, they are prepared to receive and profit by the same. *Kind* depends on the position occupied by woman in the great social drama, the time has come when we should lay aside our mantle of superstition and bigotry, and with impartiality and a truth-loving spirit ponder well the subject; and try to understand aright what is demanded by so much agitation of "Woman's Rights." Now if woman's nature calls for an enlarged sphere of action—if her aspirations reach forth to a higher plane than that she now occupies, there must from the great arcanum of nature, be sooner or later evolved a scheme commensurate with her needs. If she has discovered that rights belong to her which she is not allowed to recognize, she finds herself in a bondage to which she is no longer willing to submit. She may be compared to the African slave, who by the clemency of his master, by the affection of that master's child, or some favorable (perhaps *unfavorable* by some) circumstance, has learned his A. B. C., then progresses on to words and syllables, soon gets to read the weekly news, obtains a little smattering of knowledge—the powers of the mind begin gradually though almost imperceptibly to develop, until at last he looks with astonishment upon himself, and finds that he is one of God's individualized creations, possessed of the same powers and faculties as he who rules over him as Master. And though life may have passed along thus far very comfortably—he has been provided with enough to eat and wear—think you that slave can ever again look upon his condition with satisfaction? No! The sonorous sounds of *Liberty* has fallen on his ear, and the heart beats of his soul are quickened to learn more of the objects of his existence.

To any one who takes the trouble to think upon the subject, it is evident that society is made up of discordant elements. No legal enactments have yet been instituted capable of producing harmony or meting out justice to all. Unhappy divisions and contentions exist in families, in neighborhoods, States and nations. And this must needs be for some time to come; hence, all are subject more or less to wrongs.

Great changes can never be effected in regard to woman's wrongs or rights, except by her own individual exertion. True, legislative enactments can effect something towards ameliorating her condition, but woman has a work to do which man cannot do for her. Feeble, however, will be her efforts until her judgment is formed, her self-reliance strengthened, her capacity sufficiently developed, to comprehend the true object of her being, and the influence she is by nature endowed to exert over all human society, by indelibly impressing a pure and harmonious constitution and character on the first pages of mind. Sufficient thought has not been bestowed upon the variety and importance of female influence, of the necessity of pleasant home advantages and happy matrimonial relations, nor have philosophers been sufficiently minute in their investigations of the secret springs of human action, misdirection and improvement; hence many discoveries remain yet to be disclosed, tending to a development of harmony all classes.

For these and kindred reasons, woman now lies dormant in that ignorance which is *bliss*, "enjoying all the rights she wants," assenting to gross injustice and heart-breaking sorrow, dependent on man whose will *vs* her law, exclaiming in the language of an immortal bard, "My author and disposer, what thou biddest, unargued I obey; so God ordains." But notwithstanding this is to a great extent her present condition, she must eventually emerge into liberty, and take her true position in the great theatre of life. But through much tribulation must she pass—impediments will be thrown in her way—her path will be strewed with scoffs and sneers—ignorance and superstition will cast their fiery missiles in the dark—the right of might will be brought into requisition, and clerical pomposity will lay its sacrilegious hand upon her. But there are many heart histories yet to be written—a host of martyred wives to the despotism and legal power of men called husbands, will yet arrive, and in thunder tones proclaim their allegiance at an end.

Oh, woman! woman!! rouse ye to a consideration of this subject. Are you aware how completely of your husband? Or have you yet to learn in case you survive his death, that you are but "relics," and too often sad incumbrances on that property which you have toiled many long years to obtain, hoping that your last days on earth might be freed from anxiety and care. Ah! ye know not how soon disease or accident can blast your fairest hopes. The manly form to which you now look for protection and support, may be laid low—the willing hand which is ever open to supply your wants, may be closed forever. Then ye who have all the rights you want, will find the avenues to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, closed against you. Had you been taken from that loved husband and little ones, he would have been left in quiet possession of his home and property. Now it is different. The law recognizes you as incapable of superintending the affairs of your family, and very kindly takes upon itself the burden (mind, however, at your expense,) of dealing out to you a scanty pittance, *the use of a certain amount of which you have no power to dispose or control!* Who takes the rest? Your husband's friends, provided he leaves no children. If any, then guardians are appointed to take charge of it for them, or you must be placed under bonds to guarantee its safe protection. A mother's love is not sufficient. Oh, no. It is not to be compared to the fond affection of a father. Supposing that property came by inheritance from your father; or you, a portionless girl, married a man without fortune, and you have both labored, each in your appropriate sphere, to accumulate the same, to whom, then, does it belong? What kind of justice is it that deprives you of the right to control and enjoy it. Numberless are the instances daily being recorded of loving and delicate wives and mothers who by the death of the husband have been reduced from affluence to poverty, yea actual want.

L. E. B. M. B.

Dansville, N. Y., April 1855.

"*thirty pieces of silver*"—their consciences seared with the "hot iron" of rum-hole influences, and their hearts circulating the dark blood of hopeless depravity, has swarmed in and around the legislative halls for the vile purposes of bribery and corruption—notwithstanding all these and many more devices and instrumentalities of the infernal traffic have been made use of to defeat the "Bill for the prevention of intemperance, pauperism and crime," the Legislature has, for *once*, at least, spurned the "price of blood," and regarded the wishes of their constituents. It is now that the friends of temperance, good order and humanity, are called upon to *battle* for the right. They have bravely and nobly contended for, and secured the *means*, the *armor* and *ordnance* with which to successfully combat a powerful foe. The weapons are in their hands—the enemy is before, and all around them—and the order is given to *strike*. A thousand wives, with blighted hopes and bleeding hearts, are beseeching them to strike. Ten thousand children, clothed with poverty and rags, and rearing in ignorance and vice, with clamorous tongues are calling them to strike. From gloomy *walls and panners*—from the almost hopeless despair of desolate hearths and the depths of misery in ruined homes, comes a fervent appeal urging them to strike. The "great heart of humanity," *everywhere*, says strike! Justice cries strike, and Mercy strike. Surely, temperance men will see to it that the weapons with which they are now provided shall not be permitted to rust by disuse—that every violation of the "Act for the prevention of intemperance, pauperism and crime, shall be *vigorously* prosecuted, and all its penalties *rigorously* enforced. If men will persist in this unrighteous traffic, in violation of every principle of common justice and humanity, and "statutes made and provided," then let common justice and humanity direct the "strong arm of the law" uncompromisingly against them. If men are so lost to decent self-respect—so blind to the true interests of society and themselves—so dead to every kindlier emotion and fraternal instinct—in short, if men can be so *contemptibly mean*, by all means let them have the "full measure of their reward." Moral suasion with men who have no conscientious morality, is not worth the trying—Affecting appeals to hearts of stone can effect nothing. Gentle words to monsters in whom there is *no* gentleness, are worse than vain. *Coercive means*, and nothing else, can restrain men thus vile and unprincipled. A man so low sunk in the depths of depravity as to be capable of deliberately dealing out intoxicating liquors at three cents per dram, or ten cents a pint, knowing, as he must, the inevitable consequences and effects, is just *such* a man, as society, under the law of *self-preservation*, have need to "lay hands upon." The extreme penalties of the Prohibitory Act could hardly do him justice, and it may be doubted whether the summary code of "Judge Lynch" could do him *injustice*. Temperance men of New York, let us stand firm! With our feet planted on the solid rock of substantial justice—clad in the panoply of a holy cause, let us raise high the "strong arm," and

Strike till the last armed foe expires!
Stride for pleasant homes and fires!
Strike for our friends, our sons and sires!
God and the might of right!

CEEPHDEE.

Branchport, April 15, 1855.

For The Lily.

The Prohibitory Law in New York.

The passage of a prohibitory liquor law by the legislature of the State of New York, has ceased to be a matter of mere speculation, of doubt, or hope or fear. That "visionary scheme" of *Demagogues and Fanatics* that *accursed, tyrannical, unconstitutional and anti-scriptural* 'Maine Law' has been placed, by the fiat of the sovereign people, through their "wise men in Council assembled," upon the statute books of the Empire State. Notwithstanding the panther cry of the myrmidons of Rum that the law could never be enforced—was utterly impracticable—notwithstanding the malignant dedunciations and imprecations with which the friends of Rum have sought to intimidate the friends of Prohibition in the Legislature—notwithstanding the *demon-strations* and threats of rummies to destroy private property, and reduce to smouldering ashes the houses and temples of sober enterprise, and temperate industry—notwithstanding lobby members, with their tongues laden with "fair promises" of political honor and emolument, their pockets lined with the multiplied

For The Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL—Permit me through your valuable paper to speak of a temperance organization in our city, which has been and still is doing much good: namely, the Social Circle. It differs from many other similar societies in this important feature. Woman is in every respect recognized as man's equal. Side by side she stands with him in the strife against Intemperance—the demon that has invaded her home temple, and despoiled its brightest ornaments, thereby bringing sorrow to her heart, and want and misery to the loved ones. It is also a beneficiary society, the benefit of which she can avail herself of or not, as she prefer, and this I think one of its best features. Many females there are among us who have no kind father to provide for their wants—no loving husband, when sickness comes, to watch over them

and procure food and medicine. So such as are members of the Circle, they are not only entitled to their kind offices in sickness, but as beneficiary members, to weekly benefits—not as charity, but as their right. Neither are their efforts to do good confined to their own members; but to comfort the afflicted, relieve the wants of the poor and the needy is their mission. Wood and clothing for those that had it not, or the means to procure it, and food for the hungry, they have endeavored to furnish, as far as practicable, during the past severe winter.

This Order is in a very flourishing condition, numbering about one hundred and ten members. It is based and founded on the holy law of love—love for those who have not self-control, and are fast sinking into the eddying whirlpool which is threatening to engulf them. Its hold is upon the human heart—gently would they draw those that are wrecked by the storm of intemperance, and almost ready to sink beneath its billows, within its circle of fraternal love and human brotherhood. Here hearts bold and strong are ever ready to encourage them by sympathy and kindness to free themselves from the fetters that have bound them soul and body. Here the inebrate will find woman sending forth all the earnest sympathy of her heart for his redemption. With influences such as these thrown around him, he has every inducement to abstain from intoxicating liquors, and we bid God speed to this and every other institution that is laboring for the banishment of this worst of all evils—the curse of our nation—from our land.

MINNIE.

Richmond, Ind.

For the Lily

A FRIENDLY LETTER FROM A SISTER.

DEAR BROTHER—Your very acceptable letter arrived safely. I was glad to learn that you and yours were in health and prosperity; and now, as you are aware that it is one of my characteristics to come right to the subject on which I wish to speak or write, without any preliminaries, therefore, I will speak at once of that part of your letter which seems to demand my immediate attention.

You say you have heard that I am a champion of Woman's Rights. Now, my dear brother, is this news to you? I certainly am no more "Woman's Rights" than when you and I attended the same district school together, and vied with each other in winning the highest prize, or in standing at the head of the same class in spelling; and I might say in riding down hill on the "hand sled" —in snow-balling or running home a mile and a half after school, over hills and snow-drifts in the Eastern part of the State of New York. Wasn't I an advocate for girl's rights then? Wasn't I? Yes, and duties, too. Who ever thought, then, of excusing an imperfect lesson because it was a girl repeating it? Not you, my brother, surely. It was then, as well as now, that I felt that there was great injustice to one-half our race, both in the laws and customs of society. If you have any doubts on this head, please ask your own dear wife, between who and myself there existed the most intimate friendship. Yes, ask her if she remembers when she and I resolved to assume male attire, and leave friends and home to hew out a path for ourselves, and was only restrained by that love of home and friends which reigns triumphant in every true woman's heart, (in which I always thought you bore not a very trifling part;) yes, ask her if there was not an indefinable feeling that all was not right; and when we saw our brothers, by their own persevering industry, rising to places of distinction, and procuring for themselves independence, suppose you we never thought. Rest assured, my brother, that we possessed aspirations equal to any of you; but they were crushed by the ever ready reply, you are woman, and do not need an education equal to man. Wonder if it ever occurred to our parents that we would have the first moulding of the minds of the statesmen of the succeeding generation.

I have long ago resolved never to send a daughter to any of the Female Seminaries or "Ladies' Boarding Schools," of the present day, for I think they would be much better prepared for the "sphere" nature had designed they should occupy,

if they were to remain at home after leaving the common district or village school, and take lessons of a wise and judicious mother, and receive the benefits of her example, until called upon to mingle in the world of strife, than if they were kept at Ladies' School. How else are we to account for the deplorable state of affairs in our—no, your country—(women have no country)—but to the fashionable education of women?

Do you suppose we should have had that wicked Fugitive Slave Law, or the treacherous Kansas Bill if the instigators of those acts had been taught by their own mothers, the sublime truths of the Holy Bible, that God had created "of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth," and also "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," and much more of the same kind, instead of being left with careless and wicked servants and nurses, when their minds are the most susceptible of any time in their whole lives—yes, left to learn all the deception, artifice and low cunning which the vulgar know so well how to practise, while their fashionable mothers are carrying out the principles of their education.

Believe me, my brother, when I tell you that our—no, your present legislators, with some honorable exceptions, were never taught the holy principles of righteousness and justice, by "holy women," as was a Washington and Adams, and many more who have done honor to this nation. Both the laws and customs of this country are fast tending to aristocracy. I know many who boldly say they would like to hold slaves. While I was visiting in Ohio last, I stopped a few days with the family of a friend—a very good family, but aristocratic—they all wished they could hold slaves, and they were almost resolved to move to Kansas for that very purpose. They said it was very hard to get good servants, and if they did get those that were passable, they never knew how long they would stay. Ah, said I, you are not as independent as I am. We seldom keep servants—my daughters and myself do our own kitchen work, and enjoy it.—We have it done to order, and then there is no scolding of servants—and they said they would gladly do so, too, if they dare; but they must keep up appearances—they were rich, and must live like other rich people. Now you see there is an increasing desire to keep up a distinction between the rich and poor.

But a few days since one of our own town ladies in speaking on the subject, said there must be some measures taken to keep up more distinction between the families of the professional gentlemen and those of merchants and mechanics and other laboring men. Now, I pity these ladies, believing, as I do, that they are themselves slaves to custom, and more unhappy than the "laboring classes themselves.

Now, I suppose you think I am getting wide of the mark, but I think not. You, my brother, have been, and I suppose are now, a radical reformer. Why not begin at the fountain? No use in trying to cleanse the streams while the fountain is corrupt. If you would improve society, you must commence with the elevation of women—give her a wider sphere, a higher aim? Yes. Why set bounds to her aspirations. Men say we are weak, and cannot compete with men. Then why place obstacles in her way? That looks very much as though they had no confidence in their own principles. Those who are weak and defenseless need no shackles; but women are active beings, and must eventually influence society, or, rather, give it tone.

RETTA.

For the Lily.
DWIGHT, May 5, 1855.
A SERIOUS CALAMITY.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL: A short time since I was spending a few days with a pleasant family, not a hundred miles from home, and one afternoon listened to the fragments of a gossip that passed between two neighbors that seemed to reveal to me the working of principles by far too common in our midst. Since it will be no breach of confidence, I will give the fragments as I collected them, prefacing by saying that I was at the time engaged in demonstrating the operation of a sewing machine.

Mrs. A. I really must purchase a machine now. It is utterly out of the question to get my sewing done without, since Lois is to be married next week, and there is not another person that will go out to sewing by days work in the village.

Mrs. B. It is really too bad to think of. I hope she may not regret it.

Mrs. A. You may well say that. I have expressed my mind to her pretty frankly. If only she was going to stay in the place, I wouldn't mind it so much, but to go to Iowa is entirely too bad.

Mrs. B. And to think how well they have got on. But her mother's death has kind of broken them up. I doubt whether she would have married if she had lived. But it is too bad. I really can't see how people are to get along. It costs so much to get sewing done out of the house; it does seem as if she might have waited a year longer.

Mrs. A. So I told her. But she said with only her sister it would be difficult to get along as her brother was now going to a trade. Board would be too expensive, and people would talk about them if they kept house alone. What a fine lad Willy is! Why last summer he used to earn as much as six shillings a day doing errands for the merchants, and other odd jobs, and he was but thirteen."

Mrs. B. They were a fine family. Poor Lois! I hope she may not regret her choice. Good morning, Mrs. A.

Mrs. B. retired, and my curiosity, I must say, was aroused to know more of this sewing woman, whose prospects had been so flattering, and whose marriage was such a regret. Mrs. A.'s replies to my inquiries brought out the following items:

Lois was a young widow, and the mother of a little daughter. On the death of her husband, she came to the village, and made her home with her widowed mother. She was handy with a needle, though she had never learned a trade, and not willing to burthen her mother, who was possessed of little more than the cottage in which she lived, and had two or three younger children to educate. Lois had gone out by the day as a seamstress, receiving the magnificent sum of *thirty seven and a half cents per day*, on which to support herself and child, and educate the latter.

I hinted that the compensation seemed small, but was assured that it must be ample, for she and her little girl always "looked as neat as wax."

I inquired if she was about to marry injudiciously, that people seemed to object to the connexion.

"By no means," was the reply. "He is a fine, steady young man, but Lois has so many friends here that will miss them when they get so far away, settled on a farm. Ten chances to one if the doesn't wish herself back."

The next Sabbath I saw the bride and bridegroom at church, both wearing as happy and intelligent faces, as though they had acted intelligently, and by no means felt guilty of disturbing the peace of a whole community.

That evening, Mrs. A. in commenting upon the expenses of living, remarked: "I know to a cent what it takes per week to support us, aside from clothing, rent and fuel, not less than eight dollars. They numbered, five—husband, wife and three children. I reminded her of the wages of Lois, and suggested that in a multitude of cases like hers, marriage was the only refuge from the injustice of the world. Let such as think thirty-seven and a half cents a reasonable compensation for a woman's constant labor for twelve hours per day while a lad of thirteen can earn 75 cents for mere choring, consider whether it be just and equal, and let women themselves learn to be just to each other.

H. M. T. C.

For the Lily.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

O when those lonely hours roll by,
And absent friends we meet,
We almost feel the tender tie.
To make our bliss complete,
Such bliss on earth come from above,
And to our hearts were given
That we might humbly here improve.
And wend our way to Heaven! [MAGGIE.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 15, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. J. BILLINGHURST is now credited for one year's subscription from July 1st, 1855.

PHILENA CLARK—Upon reference, we find you are credited from March 15, instead of October 1. It is now corrected, and the papers forwarded.

JOHN J. SAVILLE—Your note brought us the first information of the order for The Lily. Name registered; all right.

BEAUTIFY HOME.

The mind has an innate love for the beautiful in nature, and in the hurry and tumult of life, the imagination finds no soother more gentle and refreshing than the beauty of a tastefully adorned home, be it ever so humble. Here dwell those bound to us by hallowed ties; here the sunshine and the dew have blessed the "sweet, growing things," and made them things of beauty to our minds. How calm seems the Sabbath and the holidays! How strong the spirit grows! How wonderfully refreshed it comes forth to battle again the perils of life, and to struggle in the path of duty. Out from the laboratory of nature seems to come the breath of patience; the cheer, the aid to the heart to love, to hope on. No despair, no dark misgivings—but faith, bright with joy, like an arrow-track to heaven.

We are too apt to forget that the best adornments of home are *not costly*. Say the many of the honest toilers who dot with their little homes our Western country, "when we get a few dollars to spare," we will embellish "our grounds" with shrubbery, and then we will more dearly love it, and our children will have increased happiness.—Why are our own natural trees and plants, that can be so easily and readily procured, so underrated? They need not cost the "spare dollars," neither need the home be planted amid arid discomfort, while through our "mazy groves" abound the lovely, creeping vines, the clematis, woodbines, the trumpet flower, and our grand forests have any young members of their line, who will bear to be transplanted from the woods to the house-yard. Why are the majestic oaks, or elms, with their pendulous branches, not quite so graceful here as in New England, at least so say the New England people, but still very elegant, indeed, or our maples with their graceful outline, and their rich summer foliage, and many others whose generous shade is very familiar as well as grateful to us, whose majestic forms of beauty have so often touched the finer sensibilities of our nature, discarded, and their places attempted to be supplied with sickly exotics, that can neither love our climate nor tolerate our soil. What are prettier than our native cedars? or what more pliant to the tasteful hand? We would be the gainers by striving to perfect by cultivation native plants instead of bestowing such a world of pains on those pining exotics.

"Sharks" and Shirt Makers.

That Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is no exaggeration is verified almost daily. A late occurrence in our city testifies to its truth, showing, at the same time, the baseness of human nature, when prostituted to interest. A lady lately appeared before our Mayor and made an affidavit that she received three shirts to make up, from a certain manufacturer in the city, after leaving two dollars

as security that, after making them according to the pattern, she was compelled to alter them three times, and that then her employer refused to receive two of them and also refused to refund her the amount she deposited as security, beside refusing to compensate her for the time employed upon the shirts. She also states that she was to receive but ONE SHILLING for each shirt, and believing that they intend defrauding her out of her money, she prays that they may be arrested.

We hope they will, and the *sharks* made to disgorge! The affidavit was sworn to before the Mayor, and we feel assured our energetic Municipal head will move in the matter in such a manner as to learn them and those who imitate them in such contemptible tricks, a life-long lesson. The fraud is one much practised on the unwary, and should be disclosed in every instance. But heretofore the victims have passed it over in silence, knowing that there was no one to help her "in high places." Their poverty and their secluded sphere prohibited them from asking and claiming that protection they deserve. They could only mourn over their woes with the "stitch, stitch, stitch," of their day-long task, with no helping hand, no pitying eye except the Good Father above. How many have thus suffered in silence, and, failing "to suffer and be strong," laid down to die alone and unregarded, no mortal can tell!—None but the All-seeing Eye blent a pitying gaze upon them as Life's taper flickered and expired.—Let us hope that the day of the working-man and working-woman will soon dawn.

We clip the above from the Washington City Metropolitan, and give the instance as one stray waif from the hushed agony of woman, under one of the most recklessly unjust customs that have come down to us from barbarian times. Christianity teaches that the laborer is worthy of his hire," and "to do to others as we would they should do to us." But these are set aside, and we hold to the *starving plan*, for that is the true name of that bill of custom that provides for giving woman unequal and reduced wages, with the most unrelenting exactness. Truly, here, Mrs. Bronson is right: "Woman is not woman's friend," for we know those enrolling themselves under those often dishonored names, reformers, liberals, who mete out to women the very treatment of which they complain.

How can it be just to award the barest pittance to the working woman? What right have you to her labor? What right have you to the strength of her good right arm, unless you pay her the fullest equivalent? How can you face honesty, while you withhold from her the decent reward for her bone and sinew labor? Can you see her pining for life's necessities, or her children without life's beauties? Can you see them shivering on the sidewalk, shudderingly uncomfortable, and dwarfish in mind and body, without feeling that you are a very thief? That you put her or their good clothes upon *your* back, and their comfort at *your* feet? That you barter their bread, their education, their honestly-earned pleasures, for your jewelry and showy dress, and flaunt upon your person the price of woman's honesty? Ah, many have no idea of being so unjust when they bargain for the merest pittance for their sewing or their washing, and then spend without stint for a collar in the latest fashion, or a gay dress, or a fine coat. This matter of rewarding justly must be taken home to our own hearts; it is not enough to talk and write about it. It is something to be *practised*. The laborer, though she may have an eye or a ear for the beautiful, cares less for round periods and fine talk, than for round justice and a decent competence. These have a sweet sound to her ear that would drown temptation's voice, and hush the repining thought that cankers all her happiness.

BOUND FOR THE BATTLE FIELD.—We are pleased to learn, as we do from the New York Woman's Temperance Paper, that Miss Carrie L. Filkins, of Port Byron, New York, and Mrs. Sarah E. Barlow, of New York City, are about to undertake a temperance lecturing tour in Illinois.

We bespeak for them, wherever they tarry, a warm welcome to the hospitable West. May they be eminently successful in their efforts for prohibition. And most heartily do we trust that both they and the good people of Illinois may realize that it is very blessed to give as well as to receive truth and social pleasure—both joys divine.

"WISCONSIN'S GOOD" VETOED.—The Governor has vetoed the prohibitory measure, and the star of hope to her temperance citizens is hidden by dark and murky clouds. But, friends to Wisconsin's good and man's best earthly hopes, "never give up." Hope will not long remain bowed. The good you have sown, may seem like despised seed upon unfertile soil—but remember an undying germ is there that will spring up to meet you, beautify the earth, and make glad many hearts. Do not despair. The clear head and steady hand to the helm again, and ere while all will be right. Good feelings from your sister States are with you.

—James Richey, writes from Salem, Iowa: "It appears from the returns of the Iowa election, so far as heard from, that the Prohibitory Liquor Law has carried by a considerable majority of votes. It is a source of great satisfaction and pride to the friends of temperance in our State, that Iowa is redeemed from the reign of intemperance. May we not feel proud of Iowa? fair young Iowa? The star of Temperance, now triumphant, gilds her sky, or gems her brow of beauty. In Mrs. Gage's beautiful language:

"Come maidens, wives and matrons come,
And hold a pic-nic proud and grand;
Bring the rich luxuries from the home,
And treasures from the prairie land,
And crown her as your Queen of May,
'Mong all the States, young Iowa.'

—When the potatoes grow again, we intend giving the following recipe for good bread a trial. Mrs. Hill, of Providence, won a premium for it, at a late fair. "Good bread" is "a great thing in a family," we have heard many a sage housekeeper say, and we think it ought to be a "peculiar institution" in itself, and every woman having charge of a household should always make it a point, if she don't cook anything else, to have "Good Bread."

"For two loaves of ordinary size, take eight potatoes, pare them, slice very thin, and boil quickly until soft, then mash to a fine puff, and add, little by little, two quarts of boiling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of new yeast. This forms the "sponge," which should remain in a moderately warm place for ten or twelve hours, or over night, until it becomes very light and frothy, even if it is a little sour it is of no consequence. When the "sponge" is ready, add a little flour, and work it in until you have formed a stiff, firm mass. The longer and more firmly this is kneaded, the better the bread.

Let the kneaded mass remain, say from half to three quarters of an hour, to rise, then divide it into loaves, put it into pans, where it should remain, say fifteen minutes, care being taken that it does not rise too much and crack; then put the loaves into a quick oven, and bake say three-quarters of an hour. If the oven is not hot enough, the bread will rise and crack; if too hot, the surface will brown too rapidly and confine the loaf.

STRAWBERRIES.—The editor of the Georgia *Constitutionalist*, under date of April 28, talks of having gathered a basket of red, ripe strawberries from a contiguous four acre field. Ours are now, the middle of May, in full bloom, giving us only a promise and plan for feasting after awhile.

We invite attention to the advertisement of the *New Lebanon Springs Water Cure*. It is said to be a beautiful retreat, with fine air and mountain scenery.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, April 28.

We arrived safely in this city of hills, some two weeks since, greatly fatigued by our long journey of eighteen hundred miles, but otherwise in usual good health. Our trip up the Missouri was, on the whole, rather a pleasant one, though the scenery on either side was for the most part, anything but agreeable or cheering to the eye. Wide bottom lands, sometimes entirely destitute of vegetation, and again thickly covered with small willow or cotton-wood trees, bounded the vision on one side, while on the other high rocky bluffs or hills stood like grim sentinels, bidding defiance to the turbulent waters which made sad havoc with the opposite shore, by undermining and swallowing up vast portions of its rich soil. At intervals of many miles, the shrill whistle of the steamer gave notice that we were approaching a town, and this signal caused a rush of all on board to the guards and the decks. Generally, these stopping places were mere settlements, with a population of from fifty to three or four hundred inhabitants, located on a little level plat between two hills, and bearing little trace of civilized life. Occasionally a town of more importance was passed, as Jefferson City, Lexington and Weston, but Missouri has no cities of much note, except St. Louis.

Of the towns on the Kansas side of the river, Fort Leavenworth is the most important. This village has a fine site and a beautiful country beyond. It has now, I should judge, some thirty houses, of various sizes, all new. The American flag was streaming to the breeze from the top of the hotel, a two-story building of good size, occupying an elevated position a little back from the river. The fort, of the same name, is about two miles above the town, and is delightfully situated.

The waters of the Missouri are exceedingly muddy, and much of the way is so filled with snags and sand bars as to require the skill of the most experienced pilots to steer clear of them.—And with the very best, this is oft-times an impossibility. We were frequently brought to a sudden stop by running upon the bars, and occasionally were startled by a crash which was a sure indication that the boat had run foul of one of the thousand snags which rear their black heads so high as to endanger both vessel and freight which comes into their vicinity. We passed over all in safety, however—being more fortunate than the "Clara," which followed in our wake, she having stove a hole in her side, and been obliged to unload and return to St. Louis to repair.

Our boat—the Edinburg—was a first class packet, running regular trips between St. Louis and St. Josephs. It was newly fitted up, and in the best style, and the most perfect order and neatness was maintained in all its departments. The Captain was kindly attentive to the wants of his passengers, courteous and affable in his manners, and won favor with all with whom he associated.

The other officers of the boat, and the crew, were alike attentive and obliging.

The passengers—of which there was full a hundred in the cabin, to say nothing of the large numbers who crowded the deck, and the scores of children, from three weeks to ten years of age—were a mixture of all sorts of people representing some fifteen different States. Some of these people, I should judge, had been brought up in the back woods. They knew nothing of intelligent and refined society, and manifested an ignorance truly remarkable in this land of books and schools. It is deplorable to witness this want of cultivation among our own sex. The coarse, vulgar language grates harshly on the ear, and the entire absence of modesty, the slovenly appearance and want of self respect too plainly visible, causes an involuntary loathing and a shrinking as from contamination. Yet I feel to pity rather than censure such, and I cannot bear to hear them made subjects of ridicule. Naturally they may have warm hearts, kindly feelings and a fair share of intellect; but circumstances are against them; their education has been neglected, their opportunities limited, and the higher attributes of their nature crushed out or buried by false and pernicious training and unfavorable surroundings. While we cannot place ourselves upon an even footing with such and receive them into our society, yet we should strive to better their condition, and by our courteous bearing endeavor to stimulate in them a desire for improvement and a reaching after better things.—

We had on board for a part of the way a poor slave girl, of some eighteen or twenty years. Her master had sent her to the New Orleans market for sale, but she was pronounced *unsound*, and as no satisfactory bid could be obtained, she was returning to her master. I was told that she was consumptive. She left the boat I think at Independence, the residence of her master, in company of the agent who had her in charge. Poor thing! her chains will soon be broken; but how much she has yet to suffer ere then none can tell.

At the solicitation of the captain and passengers, I gave a lecture on Woman's Rights, one evening during the trip. The machinery of the boat was rather noisy, but I succeeded in making myself heard above the din and rattling around me. The following evening a dance was got up, which was joined in by a number of our company. I seldom dance, but I could not resist the desire I felt for exercise, and for something to relieve the monotony of the journey, and so on this occasion I was first to lead the way—evidently much to the satisfaction of the modest gentlemen and bashful ladies, the former of whom seemed not to know just how to introduce themselves, and the latter affecting a disinclination for dancing, which they did not feel. The company being strangers to each other, it was a little awkward at first, but when I had "broken the ice," others soon followed me upon the floor, and evening passed off every pleasantly.

Many agreeable acquaintances were formed during this trip, which we regretted must come to so speedy a termination; but as we were bound for different points, one after another dropped off along the route and comparatively few continued with us to the end of our journey.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving St. Louis we landed at St. Josephs—one hundred and sixty miles below this place. St. Josephs contains a population of four or five thousand inhabitants, and next to St. Louis is the largest city in

Missouri. The stage having left before our arrival we were obliged to wait two days before we could continue our journey. At the urgent request of many citizens, presented to me in writing with their signatures, by a committee appointed for the purpose, I gave a lecture on Woman Rights the second evening of our stay there. Although there was but one hour's notice, the meeting was well attended. Much interest was manifested, and judging from what I saw and heard, the audience were well pleased with this their first lecture on a subject which is stirring up the public mind throughout the length and breadth of our country. I was again waited on by several gentlemen after my return to the hotel after the meeting, with the request that I would remain and give other lectures on the subject, and liberal inducements were held out to obtain my consent. But we had taken seats for the morning stage and were in haste to reach our destination, so I was under the necessity of returning a negative answer to their request.

Our stage ride of thirty six hours was rather tedious and uncomfortable—especially the first day and night—as we were closely stowed three on a seat, there being nine passengers inside. For a little way one can get along very well in a stage coach, but to ride two entire days and a night in an upright position without room to recline to the right or the left, is rather mere than is desirable. However by occasionally getting out and walking up hill, and by stopping to partake of the meagre and poorly cooked fare furnished us at the stations for "four bits" a head, we had the opportunity of stretching our limbs and relieving somewhat the tiresomeness of the journey. The second day we were relieved of a part of our company, so that the latter part of the way was much more comfortable than the day and night previous.

For much of the way our road lay over the tops of high bluffs, giving us a fine view of the country around and of the plains of Nebraska in the distance beyond. At length, toward evening of the second day the city of Council Bluff was discovered nestled away among the hills on our right, and very soon our coach drew up to an imposing three story brick building which was announced as the "Pacific House." Here we alighted and were conducted to a room in the second story, where I soon divested myself of my travelling dress, and sought repose for my wearied frame and aching head.

I must reserve all description of this place for my next letter, as this is already quite too long.

A. B.

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

DEAR MISS SUSAN: I shall not look long for a subject. There are enough ultraisms in Fashion, Morals and Folly, to make a thousand pens move with the speed of lightning. For instance, the lady just passing deserves a thought or two. A few years since, she came to our worthy town a maiden lady, depending upon the exertions of a brother for support, not haughty, but ignorant—not assuming, but sensitive—fearing that she did not possess the requisites of good society, therefore, constantly deferring to others in all her movements.

The first winter she was with us, her brother introduced a rich widower, who was fascinated, because she happened to be the first lady with whom he had spoken freely since his wife's death. They were married after a short courtship. A change came over her when removed to the modern cottage, under a name with a title. Mrs. Judge—was a different person from Miss Polly.—For

fearing of coming in contact with the common herd, she refused society and remained within her own walls. This I should not have minded if she had practised the home virtues in her pride-secluded situation, but she made a house servant of her husband, and a slave of a little sister who came to live with her. I could write to you many heartless incidents of starving her help, of cruelty to all who became members of her family, but such relations cannot allay the wrong.

The woman who will keep the best rooms of her house dull and dreary for fear the furniture will become warped or faded—who will prevent a husband from enjoying the comforts of a home he secured—who will grumble or storm if her will is not the fiat of home slavery, is not worthy the countenance of society.

When her first child was born, she could not condescend to nurse it. To possess so much motherly tenderness, would be derogatory to her dignity. A nurse must be hired, and the babe thrown upon the miseries of warm tea and a nursing bottle. The nurse one day, (very nurse like,) let the child fall. It gave one scream and fainted. At first they perceived no injury, but as it grew its back curved, and now the child is a humped-back deformity.

It is a bright, beautiful child, like Paul, in 'Dombey & Son,' but alas, it is a living monument of its mother's heartlessness. The second child is deaf and dumb, the third an idiot, and still the mother lives on, scorning and injuring her fellow-creatures.

But, most deplorable of all, there are some here who look up to her as a paragon of paragons, because she sits in the best furnished seat in church, rides in the handsomest carriage, her fringe is a little the deepest, and her lace the richest. Better, far better, if they would imitate that woman under the hill, in a log house, for her piety is sincere, her humility a robe of light around about her, and her kindness a crown of everlasting brightness upon her head.

When will woman value her own worth—be independent of the ignorant rich, or the assuming wise. Wear a bonnet because it is within her means and is becoming, discard rich trimmings if she is obliged to restrict comforts to secure them, and otherwise use consistency with circumstances. I never could see anything about worldly respect secured by the purchase of principle, integrity or justice, so very bewitching, and I never could see anything about a woman given up to selfishness, worth the trouble of her position, were she the mistress of an American palace; but she is worthy prayer, for she has a soul which must some day give an account of every idle word or trifling action.

LIZZIE DALE.

April, 1855, at Airy Dale, New London, O.

DR. HUNTER ON CONSUMPTION—(Continued.)
OF TUBERCLE AND CAVITIES IN THE LUNGS.

LETTER NO. XIV.

To the Readers of The N. Y. Tribune:

In my preceding letters I have described the different kinds of Consumption and their symptoms. I have also told you that 'Catarrh,' 'Sore Throat' and 'Bronchitis' lead to Consumption.—I will now explain to you how these affections—which are only chronic inflammations of the mucous membrane of the nose, the throat and the bronchial tubes, and do not differ in any respect from chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels, or of any other surface of the body—lead to Consumption. The reason why the same disease in the stomach or bowels does not produce Consumption, is, that it does not interfere with breathing—and the reason why Catarrh, Sore Throat and Bronchitis do produce Consumption, is that they cannot exist without obstructing respiration. When the air-tubes are clogged with phlegm and mucus, we cannot get sufficient air through them to purify the blood—and when this is the case, we are liable at any moment to have tubercles formed. Nature will generally save us for a time by carrying off the blood's impurities through the kidneys, the bowels, or the skin, but sooner or later little specks or points of grayish-colored matter begin to be deposited in the lungs. At first they are very small in size,

and look not unlike millet seed, from which circumstance we call them 'miliary tubercles.' They are usually scattered over a considerable portion of the upper part of one lung. We find them in the smaller air-tubes, in the air-cells, and even beneath the mucous membrane.

It is thus that Consumption begins. In apparent health—without pain, or cough, or hemorrhage, or in fact one warning of our danger, we have these germs of destruction deposited in our lungs, and once there, the 'seed of Consumption' finds a fruitful soil. The little specks or points steadily increase in size, and become changed into a substance that looks like cheese. If we were to cut through the lung, under these circumstances, we should find it studded, here and there, with little knots of cheesy matter.

Having reached this state, the tubercles may remain for weeks or months, and sometimes even for years, without any change, or giving the least warning of their presence, beyond a little shortness of breath on running up stairs, or ascending a hill. But sooner or later the lung surrounding each tubercle begins to fester or ulcerate, and soon the tubercle itself is softened down into pus. The matter so formed finds its way into the larger air-tubes and is coughed up and expectorated leaving a little cavity or excavation from which fresh matter is continually discharged. As there are a great many tubercles, so there will be a great many points of ulceration, and where several are near together, they break down the portion of lung separating them, and form a large cavity. These cavities vary in size, from a pea to a space sufficient to contain a pint of fluid. As soon as the matter first softened is discharged, the patient feels greatly relieved, and may even gain flesh and strength, but a further softening of tubercles soon takes place, when he relapses into a still worse condition than before.

This is what is called 'ulceration of the lungs' and constitutes the third stage of Consumption.—The ulceration goes on, breaking down one portion of the lungs after another, until the strength is exhausted, and the system sinks under the disease.

The seat of tubercular deposits is generally at the top of the lung, just beneath the collar-bone, and it is much more common in the left lung than in the right. The danger to the patient depends on the quantity of tubercular matter that is formed. Sometimes it fills up one-third or one-half of one lung, and then we have one-third or one-half less air received than in health. You will understand from this why consumptive people suffer from shortness of breath. So long as the tubercles remain solid the expectoration is only mucus and phlegm, but, as soon as ulceration has taken place, it is yellow pus. During the softening of tubercles we always have chills, fever and night-sweats.

From what I have said, I trust you will understand what is meant by 'tubercles.' Many persons speak of 'tubercle on the lungs' as though they supposed it to be a great boil or carbuncle. And you will now see why Consumption can never be cured by pouring medicine into the stomach. The tubercles which cause all the injury are in air-tubes and air-cells of the lungs, and can only be reached by inhaling. By reducing medicines to vapor, and breathing them, we are able to cleanse and heal ulcers on the surface of the body. If treated before the tubercles have begun to soften we can generally cause them to become broken down. The safety of the patient depends on prompt and persevering treatment; for, so long as the tubercles remain, his life hangs by a cord which is daily becoming weakened. But even after a considerable cavity is formed, the patient should not despair of recovery. We may still hope to heal the cavity. I have many patients in this city who have recovered from this condition, and who are now in the enjoyment of health with a large healed cavity of the lungs, into which you can hear the air enter at every inspiration, with that roaring sound which we produce on blowing into the mouth of an empty bottle.

In my next letter I shall speak of the 'Complications of Consumption.' Your ob't servant.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.
Physician for Diseases of the Lungs.

A Marriage Under Protest.

Miss LUCY STONE, was married on May-day, "at a farm house among the hills at West Brookfield," to Henry B. Blackwell, a leader in the western Anti-slavery movement. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. F. W. Higginson, of Worcester, the parties to the nuptials formally protesting against the laws of the Commonwealth concerning marriage. Mr. Higginson communicates the protest to the Worcester Spy, as follows:—

"I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws, in respect to marriage; a system by which 'man and wife are one, and that one is the husband.' It was with my hearty concurrence, therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony, and I send it to you, that others may be induced to do likewise."

F. W. H.

PROTEST.

While we acknowledge our mutual affection by publicly assuming the sacred relationship of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promises of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess.

We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband.

1. The custody of his wife's person.
2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.

3. The sole ownership of her personal, and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics and idiots.

4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.

5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife, than they give the widow in that of her deceased husband.

6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property.

We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited, except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law; that until it is so recognized, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise, no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus reverencing Law, we enter our earnest protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence of all Law. (Signed)

HENRY B. BLACKWELL,
LUCY STONE.

TOBACCO.

There was a somewhat amusing scene at the recent Annual Conference, in Baltimore of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Robert Cadden made a dash at the chewers and smokers of tobacco, almost equal in chivalry to that of the light brigade at Balaklava.

"He moved that not more than twenty members of the Conference be permitted to be absent at one time and engaged in smoking cigars. He stated that he had made a very careful calculation in regard to the growing evil, and come to the conclusion that the sum of 6000 dollars was wasted annually by the Methodist preachers of the Baltimore Conference for tobacco and cigars.—The sum thus wasted would be amply sufficient to support two missionaries in China. The speaker recollects how, during the last Conference, the old consecrated ground of the Light street Church had been desecrated by the filthy use of it. He had once been a slave to the vice, but through the good Providence of God, was led to see his error, and was finally converted.

"Rev. Samuel Register, preacher in charge of the Monument Street Church, arose and informed them that the building had been recently improved and cleansed, and that those gentlemen who used tobacco would find a number of spittoons on the gentlemen's side of the house.

"Rev. E. P. Phelps observed that he did not look upon tobacco merely as a luxury—it had its uses, and had done him good. He moved to lay the whole matter on the table, which prevailed—not more than 25 voting in the negative.

"Bishop Waugh said he did not see how any member of the Conference could assert that the chewing of tobacco did him good.

In connection with the above, we have an extract from the American Messenger, sent us by a correspondent, which says that, "The annual production of tobacco is estimated at 4,000,000,000 pounds! allowing it cost 25 cents a pound, and we find that the human family expend, every year, one thousand million dollars for tobacco; or one dollar for every man, woman and child on earth!"

The Scripture says that "man was created pure, but he has sought out many inventions"—and we may add, that among the nastiest and most useless of those inventions is tobacco.

The Rev. E. P. Phelps may put that in his pipe and smoke it. If tobacco had been used in St. Paul's time, we can imagine how that Apostle to the Gentiles—or Gentleman, as Selden says—would have fulminated against it.

Chewing is worse than smoking. Spit, spit, spit—it is enough to sicken a horse. And of course spit in the fire, or on the stove, that the agreeable odor may be diffused through the whole room.—Or spit in the passage way of a car, or on straw of an omnibus, or on the carpet, that the ladies may draggle their dresses in your filth. It is a dirty practice—the material counterpart of swearing—defiling the mouth materially, as that doth spiritually—and if ministers do indulge in it, it shows that they have still further triumph to win. No man goes into seventh heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth.—*Phila. Sat. Ev. Post.*

Sit Upright.

"Sit upright! sit upright, my son," said a lady to her son George, who had formed a wretched habit of bending whenever he sat down to read. His mother had told him that he could not breathe right unless he sat upright. But it was no use; bend over he would, in spite of all his mother could say. "Sit upright, Master George!" cried his teacher, as George bent over his copy-book at school. "If you don't sit upright like Master Charles, you will ruin your health, and possibly die of consumption." This startled Master George. He did not want to die, and he felt ashamed. So after school he said to his teacher, "Please, sir, explain to me how bending over when I sit can cause me to have the consumption!"

"That I will, George," replied his teacher, with a cordial smile. "There is an element in the air called oxygen, which is necessary to make your blood circulate, and to help it purify itself by throwing off what is called its carbon. When you stoop you cannot take in sufficient quantity of

air to accomplish these purposes, hence the blood remains bad, and the air-cells inflame. The cough comes on. Next, the lungs ulcerate, and then you die. Give the lungs room to inspire plenty of fresh air, and you will not be injured by study.—Do you understand the matter now, George?"

"I think I do sir; and I will try to sit upright hereafter," said George. He was right in this resolution. Will all the boys and girls who read my magazine imitate him! They will, I know, if they wish to live healthy lives. Make it your motto, therefore, my little readers, to sit upright, whether you sit to eat, to sew, to read or to converse. Now don't forget it. You must sit upright.—*Forrester's Magazine.*

For the Lily.
SUNSET.

The golden rays of the setting sun,
Are edging the clouds of blue,
While its radiant light illuminates the sky,
To enhance the electric view,
Its gorgeous hues are passingly fair,
And passingly wonderful too,
Bespeaking the Wisdom of Infinite power,
In eloquence, sublime and true.

Then who would not gaze on this wonderful orb,
As he passes from sphere to sphere,
Eulivening and blessing both sides of the globe
With a light so brilliant and clear,
His majestic form neither wearies nor tires,
While performing the circuitous tour,
But triumphantly rides as on magical wires,
Propelled by mysterious power!

Then who not wateh with absorbing delight,
This orbit sinking away,
As he silently speaks "good bye" for the night,
Be refreshed for the coming of day!
Then can man, frail man, with artistical skill,
Compare with this Heaven born sight,
In sketching with wit, with taste, and with will
The fond human eye to delight, [cline.
There is naught can compare with this lofty de-
As he noiselessly speeds on his way,
And exultingly looks on the world while he says
"I am Ruler and King of the day."

MAGGIE.
Gurnsey Co., Ohio.

Annual Meeting.

The third Annual Meeting of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society will be held in Stamford Hall, Auburn, on the 6th and 7th of June, 1855.

The opening session will take place on Wednesday, the 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when it is hoped there will be a full attendance of Members of the Society and friends of the cause.

Arrangements have been made to secure the attendance and aid of distinguished speakers of both sexes, and it is hoped that this gathering, held so soon after the passage of a Prohibitory Law by our Legislature, and just preceding the time at which that law takes effect, will be not only profitable, but highly interesting to all who may attend.

We cordially invite all Temperance Organizations, of whatever name, to send delegates to this meeting, and unite with us in our rejoicing in the triumph of a glorious common cause. We also cordially invite these representatives of fraternal Societies to come prepared to take part in our deliberations and aid us by counsel and encouraging words.

Come and celebrate with us the jubilee of the oppressed of the rum traffic, for whom the day of redemption is at hand; and with us devise means by which the blessings of the "Maine Law" may be secured to the people of this State.

The hospitalities of the citizens of Auburn have been generously tendered to the Executive Committee and Members of the Society, and to delegates from other organizations who may convene with us. As Auburn has many attractions, and our meeting is to be held at a most delightful season of the year, it is hoped that, together with these inducements, and the great claims and important interests of the objects of our meeting, the attendance may be large and enthusiastic.

MARY C. VAUGHAN, President.

ANGELINA F. COR. SEC'Y.

From the New York Evangelist.
Make your Company Comf' rtable.
BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Well, what is the best way to do so?" Not to turn the usual course of things up-side down, and shake the pillars of your domestic economy, till they are ready to fall about your ears, all because you have company.

Not to insist upon it, that your visitors must eat some of all the innumerable kinds of nice things, provided expressly for them, nor to make it a point of conscience that they shall never for a moment be left alone. Not to push all work out of sight and reach, for fear it will not be thought showing proper attention to your friends to have your hands employed in their presence.

Not to torture your brain, striving to think of subjects of conversation, when there is nothing particular nor interesting that either you or your friends wish to say.

So much for negatives—a few of them, for they might well be multiplied indefinitely. To make a visitor feel at ease in your house, be easy and natural in all you do or say. Make no unusual efforts of any kind, for the surest way to make your friend wish himself at home, is to let him feel that you are "putting yourself out" for his sake.

Give him freely and cordially the liberty of your house. Assure him of your wish that he should, while with you, consider himself as one of your family, and that you expect him to eat, sleep, talk, or keep silence, go out, or come in, read, write, mingle with the family circle, or retire to the chamber, exactly as he would do, were the house his own, and you "make your company comfortable."

To be tormented by people's politeness is almost as bad as to be vexed by their incivility.—True politeness has very delicate and sensitive perceptions, and will never be officious nor overdone.

Said one gentleman to another, whom he had invited to pass the time of his sojourn in a strange city in his house, "come, make my house your home—go out and come in as it suits your convenience. I cannot have the pleasure of devoting much time to you, but my house is heartily at your service, whenever you can find the time to go it. What leisure I have, I shall be pleased to spend with you—but whether you see much of me or no, pray make yourself comfortable and at home in my house, and you will gratify me."—*That was real, gospel politeness, such as makes visitors comfortable.*

Nearly seven hundred murder were committed in the United States, in the year 1854—Nine out of ten were the direct fruits of the liquor business. Let the honest look at this record of blood and then support the rum traffic without a burning cheek, if he can.

What fearful slaughter—what darkening crime! So many men have been transformed into fiends, So many hands have been stained with human blood and their souls with crime. Stains never to be washed out, have been affixed to so many names. The people have tried and punished all those, and borne the burden of the taxation therefor, and in God's holy name, what benefits have they received from the traffic, which wrought all this?

And so for ages blood has smoked hotly from rum's sacrificial altars. The gallows and the dungeon are necessary to the rum traffic, as pest-houses to the plague. A heathen people might plead an excuse for this infernal system. But a Christian people have none. Murder riots in its unbroken feast of blood. Fiendish butcheries are of common occurrence.

With the shadow of these scaffolds darkening the land, Statesmen stand up and pettifog about nothing, and wail about the value of property invested in the rum business! God teaches us that man is worth more than many sparrows. Politicians teach us, that rum is more sacred than the interests of two worlds. Homes, hearts, and human life must be sacrificed to feed the consuming fires of three hells on earth!

But the better day comes steadily on. Human fiends shall not always gorge on human blood "by authority." Our presses shall not always give daily record of revolting and bloody butcheries.

The Approach of Spring.

The white mantle of winter, which has so long robed the hills in its cold embrace, begins to relax before the mellow influence of the warm and genial air, which rises up from the southward, and throws the magic of its breath on the frozen earth, and ice bound stream, shedding a golden ray of light in the deserted wood, amid the leafless branches of the lonesome trees, swaying to and fro near the level bank of the gurgling brook, uttering a moan of sadness and sorrow, as the dreary breath of the shrill winter wind whistles mournfully its departing dirge, amid their bared branches; and casts the echo of its hollow voice over the eddying snow-drift the extensive meadow, and into the rocky and precipitous glen.

In a short time the gurgling stream has burst its frozen bands, and comes pouring over the purple hill-side into the mellow vale below—singing the glad song of spring-time blossoms and leafy bowers, and voluptuous incense and murmuring bees; and tripping gaily on with its silver feet sauntered with velvet green, dancing joyously over hill and plain, and winding in all the pride of freedom by the base of the lofty mountain, and the swelling breast of luxuriant meadow.

The earth puts on a more serene and lovely countenance, and the dark clouds and lowering blackness of the stormy winter, gives place to the bright sky and refreshing odors of the returning spring—when the boundless expanse of Heaven overhead is blue and beautiful as boyhood dreams.

The azure violet peeps out from the frozen earth in sheltered spots where the warm sun has lavished its earliest kiss, and gives a cheering confidence to man that the seed-time and the harvest will once more return—crowning the earth with gorgeous flowers, and scattering abroad resplendent leaves, luxurious fruits and mellow vines—making the face of nature ruddy and glad with the crimson freshness of its morning dawnings and evening shadows.

Among other welcome indications of spring, none appear as pleasing as the sweet notes of the early birds, as they sing their plaintive songs about our dwellings; perching themselves on the orchard trees of sunny days, when the mild soft air of the early spring floateth gayly in the garden bowers, and the mellow sunshine resteth for hours together in the apple boughs, and over against the garden wall; and though now and then a chilly day comes with its piping air and shrill unceremonious welcome, beating harshly against the window-pane and shrieking and howling in the highways and byways, and spending its boisterous fury on the gable ends of monster barns, or snug and cozy farm houses, yet we are satisfied by these signs of the approaching season, that winter's reign is nearly ended, and that in a few more days the time of birds and blossoms will invite us forth to ramble amid the green fields of the country, surrounded on every side by the fragrant flowers, and the smiling bowers, and leafy glades of spring.—*Lockport Courier.*

Must we esteem it derogatory to our sense of refinement to drink from the fresh brook of a true woman's voice, as it gushes up from a heart throbbing only with tenderness for our neighbor fallen among thieves? There is no sex in noble thoughts, and deeds agreeing with them, and such recruits do equally good service in the army of truth, whether they are brought by men or women. If reapers be wanting, let women go forth in the harvest field of God and bind the ripe shocks of grain; the complexion of their seals will not be tanned or weather-stained, for the sun that shines there only makes the fairer and whiter all that it looks upon. Whatever is right, is graceful, noble, expedient; and the universal hiss of the world shall fall upon it as a benediction, and go up to the ear of God as the most moving prayer in its behalf. If a woman be truly chaste, that chastity shall surround her in speaking to a public assembly, with a wing of protecting and rebuking light, and make the exposed rostrum as private as an oratory; if immodest, there is that in her that can turn the very house of God into a brothel.—*Lowell.*

Beauty of the Spirit Rather than the Form.

What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover, who kneels in homage to one who has no attractions for others. The cold looker on wonders that he can call that unclassic combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her "visage in her mind," or her affections. A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness, softens, irradiates and glorifies it. That, which to others seems common place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spencer:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comforts in a face
The lineaments of gospel books."

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose, in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly, because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of Venus, "which enchanteth the world," could be persuaded to listen to her.—What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts these of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. "Hold up your heads, girls!" I repeat Primrose, why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourself in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick heart of Park seemed she dark-eyed maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn." O! talk as we will of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvas—speculate as we may on its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.—*J. G. Whitter.*

The mighty spirits of our race, are as the lyric thoughts of God, that drop and beathe from his Almighty solitude; transient chords flying forth from the strings, as his solemn hand wanders over the possibilities of beauty. One only finished expression of his mind, one entire symmetric strain, has fallen upon our world. In Christ, we have the overflowing word, the deep and beautiful soliloquy, of the Most High; not his message and his argument—for in that, there were no Religion—but the very poetry of God, which could not have been told us, face to face, but only cast in meditation, upon the silence of history. Not more certainly, do we discern in the writings of Shakespeare the greatest manifestation of human genius, than in the reality of Christ, the highest expression of the Divine. Not more clearly, does the worship of the saintly soul, breathing through its windows opened to the midnight, betray the secrets of its affections—than the mind of Jesus of Nazareth, reveals the perfect thought, and inmost love of the All-ruling God.—*James Martineau.*

FRIENDSHIP.—If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

The Maine Law in Illinois, is to be voted on by the people, the 4th of June.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds its brightness on every thing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Philena Clark; Delia M. Baldwin; Lucy R. Freeman; James Richey; James Whittleman; Harriet C. Bliss; Cordelia A. Pettyes; Nancy A. Guernsey; O. C. A. Moore; J. Cuf; Susan R. P. Piper; C. C. North; Ellen F. Bartow; Dr. G. F. Birdsall; Adaline T. Swift; W. Herdman; Mary P. Leavens; Lucinda A. Whitehead; Mary E. Walker, M. D.; J. D. Lybolt; P. Baker; Rheumina Hill; Lucy A. Vanatter; E. H. Lownes; Abby P. Lindley; A. W. Pruy; Matilda Bartlett; Cyrus Westerfield; Emi B. Swank.

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Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.